

**An elegy occasioned by the death of the late Reverend Daniel M'Clelin, pastor of the church of Christ in Colerain. By a neighbour. Boston**

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Ac. 1717 25

AN ELEGY OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE LATE REVEREND DANIEL M'CLELIN, Pastor of the Church of CHRIST in *Colerain*.

By a NEIGHBOUR.

— *And I heard a Voice from Heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth; Yea, faith the Spirit, that they may rest from their Labors; and their Works do follow them.* Rev. 14. 13.

Awake my Muse, and sing a mournful Song; And drop a Tear with *Colerain's* weeping Throng: Pray tell the Cause their Faces look so sad; Who's dead? What's come? Or what Grief have they had?

Answer. In ev'ry Town a Minister is plac'd, And he's a Blessing, when endow'd with Grace: This is the Cause, *M'Clelin* he is dead! The great, the good, the wise is from us fled. In growing Usefulness<sup>\*</sup> he's from us gone, His Eyes are clos'd, he shall no-more be known. From distant Climes he travel'd from afar, And we rejoic'd in such a shining Star. But ah! How soon the fatal Blow was giv'n, Means and Requests were all deny'd by Heav'n.

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See the dear People of his num'rous Charge, Flock to God's House, and there pour out their Prayers. Spare him, O Lord, we to Thee humbly cry, That he may yet to us thy Word apply. But all in vain; his Time was fully come, He's done his Work, and I have call'd him Home.

The dear Companion of his Life and Bed, With bitter Grief around him twin'd, and said, My Love and Heart don't leave me here to mourn In Youth and Widowhood; like Turtles to lament My Loss—O best of Husbands, bless'd of Heav'n With ev'ry Virtue Nature grants to Men.—

Adieu my Wife, my only Joy and Dear, And tender Children whom I love sincere, My Friends and Neighbours all of ev'ry Name, I got' receive Salvation from the Lamb. While Numbers stood around his dying Bed Mourning in Tears, he bow'd his Head, and dy'd, His Soul conducted by celestial Bands, Flew swift as Thought to reach the heav'nly Lands: There joins with Joy the ever blessed Throng, And tunes his Voice to praise the great Three-One.

Now dearest Mourners let your Tears be dry, And look by Faith, he lives above the Sky. Your Loss, his Gain, how happy is his Lot? Set free from Sin, and ev'ry earthly Blot. In Realms of Bliss he waits till you come there, Where kindred Souls shall in full Glory share.

#### HIS CHARACTER.

In Mr. *M'clelin*, Men could plain discern, The loving Husband, and the gen'rous Friend; His Genius bright, by Learning high advanc'd, His Preaching clear, his Hearers Love increas'd, Thus shone this Star illustrious and bright, But soon cut down, and caus'd a gloomy Night.

"The rolling Years are ever on the Wing; "Ah! Think my Soul how swift the Moments fly, "Nor idly waste them whilst they're in thy Power; "Attend Time's awful Call and be thou wife.

"Twelve Months ago, what Numbers brisk and gay, "Thoughtful, plan'd Schemes for the succeeding Year; "How vain were all their Hopes, to Death Prey, "Nor Wealth they ask, nor Poverty they fear.

"I've follow'd Worth and Merit to the Grave, "The last sad Duty to their Ashes paid.— "How soon may I the same kind Office crave, "Sad Sigh, kind Tear and Friendly Aid.mdash;

"Almighty God be pleased to renew "Thy wonted Goodness, still thy Blessing pour; "O may thy Grace into our Hearts distil, "Teach us to do Thy Will, and Thee adore!

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